

LOUISVILLE WEEKLY COURIER.

VOLUME 13. NUMBER 5.

LOUISVILLE: SATURDAY FEBRUARY 2, 1856.

WHOLE NUMBER 629.

LOUISVILLE WEEKLY COURIER,
PUBLISHED BY
W. N. HALDEMAN.
AT THE FOLLOWING RATES FOR THE DIFFERENT EDITIONS:
Daily Courier, per copy, 50¢
Sunday Courier, 75¢
Weekly Courier, for three months, 30¢
Two months, 25¢
One month, 20¢
Two months, 35¢
Four months, 50¢
Yearly, 100¢
No PAPER IS ISSUED UNLESS THE MONEY BE PAID IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING.—
Advertisers, inserted at the rate of 10 cents per line for first insertion, and ten cents per line for each subsequent insertion. PAYMENT TO BE MADE IN ADVANCE IN ALL CASES. We decline to make lengthy advertisements.

Hard to Please.

A correspondent of the *Shelby News*, in a letter from Frankfort of a recent date, indulges in quite a tirade against the *Courier's* special correspondent at Frankfort. His delicate sensibilities were terribly shocked because our associate advised the public that some of the Know-Nothings of the Legislature, who evidently have a much greater deal of the Pope than the Devil, occupied their Sunday's in playing "poker," instead of like good citizens—going to church. He thinks our correspondent's ears should have been pulled for such a breach of good manners, but we imagine the valorous gentleman has but little idea of venturing on such an interesting experiment himself.

The same gentleman thinks that because the *Courier* opposes Know-Nothingism and its manifold villainies, our correspondent should have seemed to record some of the occurrences in the recent Democratic State Convention.

Some men, it seems, have an inadequate idea of the duty of an independent newspaper to itself and the public. We claim for the *Courier* the title of an independent paper, in the fullest and broadest significance of the word. For many years we have chosen to pursue what our best judgment told us was the plain path of our duty. We have been bold in the advocacy of what we believed to be right, and fearless in the condemnation of wrong.

We have refused to be led by unscrupulous persons, and have always indignantly repudiated their dictation. With the party with which we acted perverted a wrong, we have not hesitated to rebuke it. We have never permitted the *Courier* to be used by scheming intrigues for the furtherance of its selfish interests, and this is why it is so hated and feared by political reactionaries.

In the expression of our views we have never courted the popular prejudice. We have never in the discussion of a principle first asked ourselves whether or not it would pay. Had we been more regardless of the "Almighty Dollar," and less careful of the interests of the people, and more anxious to be on the strong and popular side, our pocket would no doubt be heavier now by thousands of dollars than it is. But we have never beenavarious or grasping. Probably we have not been as solicitous as was proper for our own personal interests. But we were satisfied with what had and what we were doing, and having an abiding faith in the honesty and patriotism of the masses, we have never ceased to believe that full justice would be done us, and so believing have been entirely willing to die our time.

Our association was sent to Frankfort to furnish the public, through the *Courier*, with a true sketch of what their servants were doing, and a faithful narrative of whatever of moment transpired under his notice. In so doing only could he faithfully discharge his duty. He has not said "I work in anger or set down in malice." If some of his facts are not reliable, we certainly are not to blame; and if tenerfoots people believe themselves they will never have reason to complain of the *Courier*. But of one thing carpings and complaining grumblers and letter-writers may feel perfectly assured—that our letters from Frankfort will continue to be faithful eulogies of what transpires in that clique-dense city.

The Journal's Ticket.

Since the editor of the *Journal* and General Pilcher have been living (this word can quite apply to him in a double sense) in the same political bed, there has been such a change and reaction in their feelings towards each other as to attract general attention. A few years ago the *Journal* could find no language sufficiently severe to denounce Gen. Pilcher. It is bitterness towards him of no ordinary character, and it took every favorable opportunity to display it. Now, however, its editor is check by check with the General. They meet, consult and scheme together. Indeed, Gen. Pilcher is the man named W. S. Bliss has been imprisoned in Boston, for living with a woman he is not married to. The *Times* says he is that individual who, with Gen. Taylor was nominated for President. Arrived in Boston and up to the Trenton House, where he registered himself as "Col. Bliss of the U.S. Army," private secretary to Gen. Taylor. A number of patriotic and distinguished citizens waited upon him and were on the point of tendering him a public dinner, when his imposture was discovered, and he was kicked out of doors, carrying with him some silver spoons marked "Tremont House."

Bull Trade.

As Louisville is to a great extent deprived of the benefits that would result from a perfect system of railroads centering here, we have now a good opportunity of discovering the effect on trade and business produced by the closing of the noble stream that washes our shores. A suspension of navigation on the Ohio for a week or two days would not have a serious effect on business, but when the time is extended to nearly a month, then every branch of trade feels it to a serious extent. Hundreds of laborers who gained their daily bread by securing employment on boats and in various ways about the river, are now lying idle, while the high prices of food have nearly if not quite consumed the little pittance laid by to provide against a rainy day. Steamboats are listlessly lounging about the hotels and steamboat agencies, and those who have "an iron shot," occasionally borrow a V or X to provide marketing for the "old man" and the little ones. Others frequent bars, smoking cigars, and drinking cocktails and toddies, made pretty stiff, of course, the weather is so cold. They take things as they come, as god made them, and let the morn provide for itself, and calculate to meet any little obligations they may incur, by their earnings when the river opens. Companies and associations are meager. The merchants have little do aside from advertising to meet their expenses.

The *Journal* has almost given up hope of finding a favorite candidate for the Presidency. It is, during the last summer, a great field of fight opened and we care lookers on. I looked over the whole field for a Whig banner. I looked to gallant, glorious Tennessee; I saw no Whig banner there. Casting my eye from Tennessee, I looked over the State from which the gentlemen in their halls—no, never, Kentucky. What did I see?—a Whig banner, and a fine one! I saw that the river is closed, traders only come up from the days of Krutong. "I saw," said he, "during the last summer, a great field of fight opened and we care lookers on. I looked over the whole field for a Whig banner. I looked to gallant, glorious Tennessee; I saw no Whig banner there. Casting my eye from Tennessee, I looked over the State from which the gentlemen in their halls—no, never, Kentucky. What did I see?—a Whig banner, and a fine one! I saw that the river is closed, traders only come up from the days of Krutong. 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THE LOUISVILLE WEEKLY COURIER--A CHEAP PAPER FOR THE MAN OF BUSINESS, THE FARMER, AND THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Our Frankfort Correspondence.

From the Louisville Courier's Special Correspondent.
FRANKFORT, Jan. 30, 1856.

NATIONAL POLITICS.

We reached home last evening, and the members of our party were very much fatigued consequent upon the protracted and ardent discussion of Slavery, and all the sectional issues bearing upon that most momentous question. The debate arose upon the consideration of certain resolutions introduced from the Committee on Federal Relations as a substitute for the Democratic resolutions. The difference between the two is scarcely that

but as the points had been harped, there is manifested much feeling. It has not been our fortune to hear the speeches in the House and Senate, though they are spoken of as quite able. The debate has continued throughout to-day, and promises to extend itself into the dimensions of a protracted meeting. Mr. W. H. Linton, of Fayette, has the floor this afternoon. It is not to be supposed that the action of the Kentucky Legislature will be material to the result. It is necessary that certain gentlemen with hopes of political preferment, should talk with "linked sages" long drawn out," so as to impress their constituency.

INTERESTING TO SHERIFFS.

We are pleased to learn that steps are being taken to revise the statutes relative to the duties and fees of Sheriffs. In the county of Jefferson, as is well known, the duties discharged by those officers are entirely disproportionate to their compensation. They are called upon to perform the duties of revenue collectors, and otherwise perform a great deal of *ex officio* business for which no remuneration is received. Faithful officers, like ours, should be well paid; and those advantages afforded them that will redound to their profit.

PORTLAND RAILROAD.

A proposition is before the Legislature to so amend the charter of the Portland Railroad Company, as will enable them to extend their line from their cars to Taketown street to Jefferson, and through that street to the Frankfort depot. Such an arrangement would prove highly convenient to passengers traveling on the line of the road and between the terminal; but there is no certainty as to the views of the people and property-holders who will be chiefly affected.

A HIT.

The bill presenting the separation and sale of slave children born in their families, was under discussion in the House yesterday. Judge Hodges advocated the measure as one of humanity, and in which we had the safe precedents of Louisiana and Virginia. After the conclusion of his excellent remarks, Mr. Moroy arose on the Democratic side, and said that he was glad to hear such humane sentiments from the gentleman from Louisville. But, he said, that while he was in favor of the provisions of the bill, he regarded it as a happy sign of the times that his chief advocate was a gentleman from a state where they banished Irish and roared Dutch for post-time.

JACKSON'S FAME.

The greatly enhanced value of provisions, and the entire impossibility of finding men to pay thirty-five cents per day, has caused the House to pass a bill allowing them for each prisoner fifty cents daily. This is a measure so impotently demanded by the condition of those incarcerated, and in order to make the jailor respectable, that we anticipate its instant passage in the State, when presented.

Louisville I now only represented in James Speer, G. A. Caldwell, D. Lyons, W. K. Thomas, W. E. Robinson, H. C. Morton, J. S. Weston, &c. They are all efficient able-bodied members.

SIDE KAT.

Geological Survey of Kentucky.

Special Correspondent of the Louisville Courier. FRANKFORT, Jan. 23, 1856.

Dr. David Dale Owen, the State Geologist, reached here by the morning train from Louisville, armed and equipped with specimens, drawings and facts sufficient to overwhelm the Legislature. We have not yet had the pleasure of meeting with Dr. D. O., but our friend, Mr. Campbell, has fully conversed with him on the geological explorations and discoveries that have been made. From the statement of Mr. C., whose natural taste and talent for scientific studies has been greatly improved by the most liberal and thorough educational advantages, we are inclined to believe that the results of the survey, which was so wisely ordered by the last Legislature, will astonish the people of Kentucky, concerning the vast mineral wealth of our State.

The coal and iron fields in Union county have been fully explored, and the results are encouraging, and Dr. Owen says that it would be difficult to find a location in the United States where so many workable beds of coal are concentrated in a limited space as in this southern part of the middle coal field of the Mississippi valley, adjacent to the Ohio river, five beds making their outcrop from the summit of the bluff to low water; and three to four more beds can be won in the mile space intervening between the valley of the Ohio and the Dalton cliff.

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This vast amount of coal, clay, iron and other valuable products is located in a few lands capable of the highest degree of production, lands that can sustain a population as dense as will in any contingency ever be placed upon them. These lands, since the commencement of the survey, have greatly increased in value, and will double yearly during the development of their resources. They are already beginning to attract the attention of capitalists and speculators. Coal and iron, when they exist in such immediate juxtaposition as in our country, are destined to be the chief material and fuel for the future of our country.

On the 21st, the committee, after reported progress, and having secured small prices from, and voted to accept, the bill.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

EVENING SESSION.

Mr. Alexander offered the following resolution:

WHEREAS, A portion of the citizens of Madison county, residing in that portion called Madison Bend, have petitioned the Legislature of Kentucky to be annexed to the State of Tennessee--therefore

Resolved, That a committee of three on the part of the Senate, and of five on the part of the House, be appointed to consider the respective rights of the people to whom the bill relates, and to report to the House on the subject.

Resolved, That the matter be referred to the Standing Committee on Foreign Affairs.

Mr. Alexander moved a resolution providing for the same.

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THE LOUISVILLE WEEKLY COURIER--A CHEAP PAPER FOR THE MAN OF BUSINESS, THE FARMER, AND THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

BEN BRUCE.
OR,
ECCENTRICITY versus **MONEY**.
[CONTINUED]

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE LOUISVILLE COURIER BY
MRS. ANNA WILLS PRICE.

CHAPTER V.
"A smile's pain, to me it's
and 'tis in such pain I'm
But I do love, and love in vain."

Several days after Ben penned the answer to Rachel's refusal, which we will give you in our originality will be an apology for its appearance:

"INCONGRUE RACHEL:

"It is night, and all is hushed in tranquillity. There is nothing to disturb the stillness. All is noiseless as the moon upon her trackless path. All is quiet, just such a quiet as reigns in the peaceful soul. As quiet facilities and assist my mental faculties, I have taken advantage of the stillness to make a brilliant effort. I know not how to begin. My favorite theme I dare not touch, for that would incur your everlasting displeasure. But come what will, I must speak, and you must hear me. In the first place, I love you, and there is no manner of scene in saying how much, for there is no accurate way of getting at the amount. It cannot be computed. Would bankrupt the science of numbers to calculate it. Mathematics is a great and intricate science, and I have with perfect ease solved its most abstruse problems, but in endeavoring to reckon the depth of my love, as some old woman would say, 'It has sorter turned my head.' My whole sin now is to get you in the same pose. When you love me as I love you, we will pitch current and have a little season of happiness. We will both be happy then. Our home will be blissful, continuous happiness until we spy God coming with his chariot to draw us on the other side of Jordan. And I have no very great reason to believe that we will not be present. I am running on, talkin' without rupture, ineffable bliss, and having hours when they are none for me. This felicity might all be mine if only had a little sense. You urge too many objections. You say that I am too wild; that you have not hearts full of chink what they deserve. When do you leave?"

"To-morrow."

"Do not forget me. My happiness is in your hands, for you have all influence with my precious wife!"

CHAPTER VI.

"What's in a name? which we call a rose,
Any other name would smell as sweet."

Six weeks after Miss Strange and her companion left Saratoga an elegant carriage drove up the long avenue leading to Strange Hall, the residence of a wealthy planter in Georgia. It was a lovely evening. Autumn has given a brilliant tint to the fine old trees that shaded the mansion, and the pleasant faces of a handsome old lady and a young man looked out from the window of the carriage, with a smile of satisfaction that showed they had reached their destination.

Our old friend, Rufus, was seated in great state by the side of the young man. He called him "Ben" and we ship at the feet of mammon. Oh, ye Christians, who have enlisted on the side of vice, deprecate that the filthy lucre may have swayed Ben Bruce's nature.

Let merit instead of the yellow sand be the medium that touches and plays upon the delicate, lithe and harmonious chords of his soul. Do not urge any longer the silly objection of your poverty! What will money buy that is substantial, more than food and raiment. We can take nothing with us when we leave this terrestrial sphere. I fancy it would be advisable to touch upon "my reckless ways," as you delight to hang upon them. Your harping will soon cease, when I inform you that I have abandoned all that is not compatible with right. My actions are all commendable, and merit high-sounding laudations. I am as steady as an old French clock or a London chronometer, and that you never will notice. I have done chasing the gaudy-colored butterfly, you have brought me to reflection; I am no longer bold; you will no more hear my boisterous laugh. I am as a lamb as a grave-yard and am so changed that I am as mysterious as a tomb-stone, without an epithet. Real, I know you will never notice me, and I am sorry I ever knew you have disturbed my equilibrium, you have made it hard for me to shuffle over my old stampy road. If I could retreat the pat. of life, would retreat to the step that took me in the present. But I have no such power. Nothing can produce a retreat in the old world. It's all very well, despite all this. Notwithstanding I regret having lost my life, it does not imply that I do not love you. The greatest cause of my regret is the tie, haplessnesses of prevailing on you to love me. I contemplate the relations in which we shall exist, and it satisfies me; so satisfies me, that I care not to live. Oh! who would wish to live, to mope and stagger through life without some dear one to whisper hopes of happiness. Without this life is not worth a cent. I have rather be dead than live. This miserable feeling only possesses me when I contemplate the future. I have said that thoughts of you give me pain. They do, and please me, too. "Tis like the music of celestial pleasure and mournful to the soul.

I never before penned a love letter, and yet must excuse my abrupt expressions. It will be the last I shall ever write, and another denial. It be received from your own lips.

"Devotedly, B. Bruce."

CHAPTER VII.

"But she is the listened--she is the chosen--she is the heart--she is a not of us."

Rachel penned the letter of her lover, and folding it up carefully, set for a few minutes in a deep reverie. She heard footsteps, and laid it away hastily. Harrietta entered, full of life and spirits, exclaiming, "I do believe Ben Bruce is crazy!"

"Oh, I have had a long talk with him, and he has been trying to make a conquest, not of my heart, so don't be jealous, miss, but of my countenance in turn, in which he has deposited about his arrows. He loves you devotedly, and you will be more than foolish not to accept him. He is a noble hearted fellow, so handsome and elegant too, with all his eccentricities. While he was talking to me about you I could scarcely refrain from being smitten with his fine eyes, and my good sense prevented me."

"What do you say?" said Rachel, shall I take him?"

"Yes, do! marry him, and take me to live with you."

"Thank you," replied Rachel, "I do not fancy such an encumbrance as you and your fine property."

"Bagh" said Harrietta, giving a yawn. "We must leave this place soon. I am sick and tired of Saratoga, a miniature world as it is! I long to get home, to see one refreshing, genuine concurrence. Ben Bruce is the only person I have met here that has a soul."

"Your compliment Mr. Bruce," said Rachel, smiling.

"Well, it is more than you do," replied Harrietta. "You treat him badly, I think, and I know you never have a better offer."

"Did you say that you were tired of Saratoga?" said Rachel.

"Yes, heartily so."

"Poor thing," said Rachel. With all the adoration you have received; all the wiles of eternal love from high souled, generous gentlemen! Tell me, how many offers of marriage have you had before?"

"Let me see," said Harrietta, cooing on her fingers. "Fourteen—but I forgot Darby, poor fellow fifteen."

"And not one of these elegant specimens of humanity could win your little trusting heart?"

"No, not one!"

"So hard to please! Well, I prophecy that you will die an old maid, and this inscription will rest on your tomb—Died, at an advanced age. Miss—"

A knock was just then heard at the door. Rufus handed Rachel a note, and she read:

"Miss Strange! I must retract my promise of not writing to you again. Miss Strange has informed me that you will leave perhaps to-morrow, and I cannot brook further delay. If you have any feeling or respect for me, come down immediately, and we will take a walk. The sun is down, here is a refreshing breeze, and you will not suffer with heat. I wish to talk with you."

"Ben Bruce!"

"Tell your master I will come," said Rachel.

"I think, said Harrietta to Rufus, that your 'Mas' Ben shows wonderful poor taste in fancying Miss Frost instead of me."

"Well," replied he, "there is no counting for these things. I see fancier one, some another, and some people is mighty easy pleased. Put me in mind of the man dat was so easy 'commodated that he said he believed he could live in a tea-cup if he could just tear round."

We will not detail the reader with the why and wherefore that Rachel returned from her walk the hirsute bride of Ben Bruce. It

was, perhaps, the romance of the hour that added sweetness to the tones of his voice, in making his repeated confessions of love, but we rather suppose that Rachel was, by her powers of discrimination, convinced, that beneath the effervescent exterior of her lover there was a noble, genuine internal, and that Ben Bruce was the man after her heart.

Satisfaction and happiness were visible in the countenance of Ben when they returned, and Harrietta, who had sauntered out to meet them, exclaimed, "Well, Mr. Bruce, any one can see that you are the happy man who has won Rachel's beautiful eyes. Tell me, when the happy event will come off?"

"That," replied Ben "is something that is undecided. I should like myself, 'to hurry up the cates,' but Miss Rachel is inclined to prosecute on that she cannot be induced to give up suddenly. I want to celebrate our marriage here, but she is determined against that, and as I am not yet installed in authority, I have given up my wishes."

"That is right," said Harrietta. "You deserve some credit for being so submissive. But do not be uneasy; we shall be satisfied at 'Strange Hall,' with all prompt requisition."

"Thank you, Miss Strange, but pray use your stronger influence in naming as early a day as possible."

Rachel had left them, and Ben, looking at Harrietta with great earnestness, said, "Miss Strange, I am the happiest man alive and yet the most miserable. I fear every thing in this delay; Miss Frost, will not even allow me to accompany her."

"That," replied Harrietta, "is useless. Our friends will meet us at Buffalo, and you need not go."

"Miss Harrietta, will you make every effort to hasten this marriage?"

"I will be under lasting obligations. It is almost out of my power to render you a service, but I may assist you to win a husband that is worthy of you."

"Thank you," said Harrietta, "I am very much in dread of dying an old maid."

"I don't fear that for you, Miss Strange; but I see you are too sensible to have any of the fellow here, and I am glad you have given them what they deserve. When do you leave?"

"To-morrow."

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THE KNOW-NOTHING STATE COUNCIL.

[From the Louisville Courier's Special Correspondent.]
The maxims of the old Latin satirist, Jurnal,
"Maxima reversa poterit debita."

—the greatest reverence is due to youth—appears to be in high favor with the Know-Nothing party of Kentucky. The majority of their delegates are excessively young and inexperienced men; the minority, however, consisting of wind-broken and spained old politicians, who having failed at, or given up, their political careers, are seeking a new field of labor.

A resolution was adopted recommending to the National Council the abolition of secrecy in the order, and that the blind be dispensed with.

At the earnest request of Hon. Garrett Davis, the resolution commanding the President for the Presidency was reconsidered. This act has greatly added to the power of the Know-Nothing party.

When Davis continues his sermon to-night,

he will give up his position.

Thomas W. Brown, Esq., of Shelby, has declined the Electorship in the Louisville District, and Col. L. A. White, the Don Casar de Baza of the Legislature, has been appointed in his place.

SEDE KAY.

The House of Representatives chamber having vacated, the afternoon and night sessions were held there. A number of the members, and especially the ingrates of all save those who voted with the Know-Nothing party, were gathered together in the lobby.

—the greatest influence is given to the Know-Nothing party.

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